THE RILEY READER

The James Whitcomb Riley Reader

SELECTED, GRADED, AND WITH SUGGESTIONS
FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF RILEY DAY

By

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LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING

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TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(On His Book of Joyous Children)

Yours is a garden of old-fashioned flowers;
Joyous children delight to play there;
Weary men find rest in its bowers,
Watching the lingering light of day there.

Old-time tunes and young love-laughter
Ripple and run among the roses;
Memory's echoes, murmuring after,
Fill the dusk when the long day closes.

Simple songs with a cadence olden—
These you learned in the Forest of Arden.
Friendly flowers with hearts all golden—
These you borrowed from Eden's garden.

This is the reason why all men love you;
Truth to life is the finest art;
Other poets may soar above you—
You keep close to the human heart.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Acknowledgment is made to Charles Scribner's Sons for courteous permission to use DREAM-MARCH and LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK.

INTRODUCTION

James Whitcomb Riley, who has written so many beautiful verses for the children, was himself a little Hoosier folk-child such as he describes, with blue eyes and flaxen hair and owning "the bird songs and the hills." He was born in the midst of the lovely Indiana country, in the little town of Greenfield. His love of nature gave him joy because he saw so much in the life around him there and felt so deeply and truly about everything that he saw. He heard a voice in the wind and felt the beauty and the wonder in the coming out of the young leaves and the flowers in the spring-time; the blossoms on the trees were to him lovelier than anything else in the whole world. To watch the gauzy-winged dragon-fly hovering over the water gave him great pleasure, and the still water itself made him think of a sleeping child. Mr. Riley's love of nature and his childhood happiness are interwoven in many of his poems. He speaks of his heart's "brimming over" with joy

"When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky."

Surely no one could be richer in sweet memories to look back upon and cherish than our

own Hoosier poet. Still fresh in the heart of the man is the remembrance of his mother's voice lulling him to sleep and telling him fairy stories as he lay in the "old trundle-bed." Through these vivid memories which he has put into his verse, he makes us feel again with him the joy when "Granny" came to his house, and the wonder he felt at "the circus-day parade," with its bugle and drum and long procession. He has made us acquainted with the "place where the children used to play," and the "Old Swimmin'-Hole," where he plunged. Best of all is our visit with him out to "Old Aunt Mary's." We can see Aunt Mary now, as she stood in the vine-shaded door:

> ". . . And her face—ah, me!
> Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
> And wasn't it good for a boy to be
> Out to Old Aunt Mary's?"

Another pleasant memory is given in the account of the first school that Mr. Riley attended. "The first of my teachers was a little, old, rosy, roly-poly woman who looked as though she might have come rolling out of a fairy story, so lovable she was and so jolly and amiable. Her school was kept in her little old Dame Trot sort of a dwelling of three rooms,

and, like a bracket on the wall, was a little porch in the rear, which was a part of the playground of her 'scholars,' for in those days pupils were called 'scholars' very affectionately by their teachers. Her very youthful school was composed of about twelve or fifteen boys and girls. I remember particularly the lame boy who always got the first ride in the swing in the locust tree during 'recess.' This first teacher was a mother, too, to all her 'scholars,' and when the little ones got drowsy she carried them to an inner room—a sitting-room—where, many a time, I was taken with two other little chaps and laid to slumber on a little made-down pallet on the floor."

Mr. Riley's love for the children is so tender and deep that they claim him as theirs and respond to his love in a very hearty manner, especially on his birthday, which they think belongs to them for honoring the poet as they please.

"When Riley-Day comes slippin' round
And punkins ripe lay on the ground,
I feel as if I'd like to send
Some poetry to a dear old friend."

(From a schoolboy to Mr. Riley, October 7, 1913.)

Thousands of lines as genuine as these were sent to the poet by the children on his last birthday. All of them showed that the celebration of Riley Day is a genuine expression of the love of the children of Indiana for their own Hoosier poet. That such a remembrance pleased him was shown in the note he sent to the children calling himself an "elderly child," and in the way he smiled at the long procession of young upturned faces marching with greetings and songs and flowers by his home on Lockerbie Street. One week after the joyous celebration of Riley Day in Indianapolis, the poet received a most generous reception from the schools of Cincinnati as he passed through that city on his way South. There was a half-holiday; the children gave Mr. Riley the keys of the city; they sang his songs and recited his poems for him in a beautiful way.

Mr. Riley has amused us by his gentle humor, cheered us by his uplifting verse and made us all better through his sympathy and his gift of song. He has caused us to look on nature with the fervor of his own love for it; he has made us see the value of sweet memories of childhood days and changed the lives of children through his love for them. But our greatest debt to him is for his power

to make us understand the meaning of the true life and spirit of the plain Hoosier folk, because he understands them so well, and sees the beauty and tenderness of their life. Mr. Riley is indeed the poet of the people. He fills out his own measure of *The Poet of the Future,* who, he says, will come with

"The honest heart of lowliness, the honest
soul of love
For human-kind and nature-kind about him
and above.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his
lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol any-
where,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's
at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his
brow."

C. D.

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THE
James Whitcomb Riley Reader

DREAM-MARCH

Wasn't it a funny dream!—perfectly bewild'rin'!—
Last night, and night before, and night before that,
Seemed like I saw the march o' regiments o' children,
Marching to the robin's fife and cricket's rat-ta-tat!
Lily-banners overhead, with the dew upon 'em,
On flashed the little army, as with sword and flame;
Like the buzz o' bumble-wings, with the honey on 'em,
Came an eery, cheery chant, chiming as it came:—

Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!
Where go the children, traveling ahead?
Some go to kindergarten; some go to day-school;
Some go to night-school; and some go to bed!

Smooth roads or rough roads, warm or winter weather,
On go the children, towhead and brown,
Brave boys and brave girls, rank and file together,
Marching out of Morning-Land, over dale and down:
Some go a-gipsying out in country places—
Out through the orchards, with blossoms on the boughs
Wild, sweet, and pink and white as their own glad faces;
And some go, at evening, calling home the cows.

Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!
Where go the children, traveling ahead?

Some go to foreign wars, and camps by the firelight—
Some go to glory so; and some go to bed!

Some go through grassy lanes leading to the city—
Thinner grow the green trees and thicker grows the dust;
Ever, though, to little people any path is pretty
So it leads to newer lands, as they know it must.
Some go to singing less; some go to list'ning;
Some go to thinking over ever-nobler themes;
Some go anhungered, but ever bravely whistling,
Turning never home again only in their dreams.

Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!
Where go the children, traveling ahead?
Some go to conquer things; some go to try them;
Some go to dream them; and some go to bed!

THE BEE-BAG

When I was ist a Brownie—a weenty-teenty Brownie—
Long afore I got to be like Childerns is to-day,—
My good old Brownie granny gimme sweeter thing 'an can'y—
An' 'at's my little bee-bag the Fairies stold away!
O my little bee-bag—
My little funny bee-bag—
My little honey bee-bag
The Fairies stold away!

One time when I bin swung in wiv annuver Brownie young-un
An' lef' sleepin' in a pea-pod while our parunts went to play,
I waked up ist a-cryin' an' a-sobbin' an' a-sighin'
Fer my little funny bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—
My little funny bee-bag—
My little honey bee-bag
The Fairies stold away!

It's awful much bewilder'n', but 'at's why I'm *a Childern,*
Ner goin' to git to be no more a Brownie sence that day!
My parunts, so imprudent, lef' me sleepin' when they shouldn't!
An' I want my little bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—
My little funny bee-bag—
My little honey bee-bag
The Fairies stold away!

THE dawn was a dawn of splendor,
And the blue of the morning skies
Was as placid and deep and tender
As the blue of a baby's eyes.

From *A Windy Day*

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper-things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't say his
prayers,—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-
stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy
heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he
wuzn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an'
cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'-
wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found wuz thist his pants an'
roundabout:—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an'
grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-
an'-kin;

An' wunst, when they was "company," an' ole
folks wuz there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to
run an' hide
They wuz two great big Black Things a-stand-
in' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore
she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze
is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away,—

You better mind yer parunts, an' yer teachurs
fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

SOME SCATTERING REMARKS OF BUB'S

I RUTHER go to the Circus-show;
But, 'cause my *parunts* told me so,
I ruther go to the Sund'y-school,
'Cause there I learn the goldun rule.

Say, Pa,—what *is* the golden rule
'At's allus at the Sund'y-school?

Abridged

LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

When Dicky was sick
In the night, and the clock,
As he listened, said "Tick-
Atty—tick-atty—tock!"
He said that *it* said,
Every time it said "Tick,"
It said "Sick," instead,
And he *heard* it say "Sick!"
And when it said "Tick-
Atty—tick-atty—tock,"
He said it said "Sick-
Atty—sick-atty—sock!"
And he tried to *see* then,
But the light was too dim,
Yet he *heard* it again—
And 'twas *talking* to him!
And then it said "Sick-
Atty—sick-atty—sick!
You poor little Dick-
Atty—Dick-atty—Dick!—

Have you got the hick-
  Atties? Hi, send for Doc
To hurry up quick-
  Atty—quick-atty—quock,
And heat a hot brick-
  Atty—brick-atty—brock,
And rickle-ty wrap it
And clickle-ty clap it
  Against his cold feet-
    Al-ty—weep-aty—eepaty—
There he goes, slapit-
    Ty—slippoty—sleepaty!"

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly
    calf;

An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'r-
selves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,

'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Er Ma, er Pa, er The Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine
clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Abridged

The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists.

From *Our Kind of a Man*

OUR HIRED GIRL

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet;
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she's* around, er wisht they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk

Tó Th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says, *"Whew!"* an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,
An' sniffs all 'round an' says,—"I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen *he'll* say,—
" 'Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!' "

Wunst our hired girl, when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen door, an' we
Heerd a maccordeun, Pa says "Lan'-
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer The Raggedy Man!
Better say,

"Clear out o' the way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

THE BEAR-STORY

THAT ALEX "IST MAKED UP HIS-OWN-SE'F"

W'Y, wunst they wuz a Little Boy went out
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did.—An' he
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go
"Wooh!"—
Ist thataway—*"Woo-ooh!"* An' he wuz
skeered,
He wuz. An' so he runned an' clumbed a
tree—
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-*more* tree.
An' nen he heerd it ag'in: an' he looked round,
An' *'t'uz a Bear!—a grea'-big, shore-nuff*
Bear!—

No; 't'uz *two* Bears, it wuz——two grea'-big
Bears—
One of 'em wuz—ist *one's* a *grea'-big* Bear.—
But they ist boff went *"Wooh!"*—An' here
they come
To climb the tree an' git the Little Boy
An' eat him up!
An' nen the Little Boy
He 'uz skeered worse'n ever! An' here come
The grea'-big Bear a-climbin' th' tree to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up—Oh, *no!*—
It 'uzn't the *Big* Bear 'at clumb the tree—
It 'uz the *Little* Bear. So here *he* come
Climbin' the tree—an' climbin' the tree! Nen
when
He git wite *clos't* to the Little Boy, w'y, nen
The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun
An' *shot* the Bear, he did, an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Bear he falled clean on down out
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—
Sp'ling-splung! he falled *plum* down, an' killed
him, too!
An' lit wite side o' where the *Big* Bear's at.

An' nen the Big Bear's awful mad, you bet!—
'Cause—'cause the Little Boy he shot his gun
An' killed the *Little* Bear.—'Cause the *Big*
Bear
He—he 'uz the Little Bear's Papa.—An' so
here
He come to climb the big old tree an' git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' when
The Little Boy he saw the *grea'-big Bear*
A-comin', he 'uz badder skeered, he wuz,
Than *any* time! An' so he think he'll climb
Up *higher*—'way up higher in the tree
Than the old *Bear* kin climb, you know.—But
he—
He *can't* climb higher 'an old *Bears* kin
climb,—
'Cause Bears kin climb up higher in the trees
Than any little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

An' so here come the grea'-big Bear, he did,—
A-climbin' up—an' up the tree, to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' so
The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an'
higher,

An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an'
higher—
An' higher'n iss-here *house* is!—An' here come
Th' old Bear—clos'ter to him all the time!
An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old
Big Bear
Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy
Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old Bear's mouf
An' shot an' killed him dead!—No; I *fergot,*—
He didn't shoot the grea'-big Bear at all—
'Cause *they 'uz no load in the gun,* you know—
'Cause when he shot the Little Bear, w'y, nen
No load 'uz anymore nen *in* the gun!

But th' Little Boy clumbed *higher* up, he did—
He clumbed *lots* higher—an' on up *higher*—
an' higher
An' *higher*—tel he ist *can't* climb no higher,
'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so little, 'way
Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of
The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he
don't
Be keerful! So he stop an' think: An' nen

He look around—An' here come th' old Bear!
An' so the Little Boy make up his mind
He's got to ist git out o' there *some*way!—
'Cause here come the old Bear!—so clos't, his bref's
Purt' nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is
Ag'inst his bare feet—ist like old "Ring's" bref
When he's be'n out a-huntin' an' 's all tired.
So when th' old Bear's so clos't—the Little Boy
Ist gives a grea'-big jump fer *'nother* tree—
No!—no, he don't do that!—I tell you what
The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh, *yes*—
The Little Boy *he finds a hole up there*
'At's in the tree—an' climbs in there an' *hides*—
An' *nen* the old Bear can't find the Little Boy
At all!—but, purty soon th' old Bear finds
The Little Boy's *gun* 'at's up there—'cause the *gun*
It's too *tall* to tooked wiv him in the hole.
So, when the old Bear find' the *gun,* he knows
The Little Boy's ist *hid* 'round *somers* there,—

An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around,
An' sniff an' snuff around—so's he kin find
Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' nen—
nen—
Oh, *yes!*—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs
'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—
An' nen the Little Boy climbs out the hole
An' takes his ax an' chops the limb off! . . .
Nen
The old Bear falls *k-splunge!* clean to the
ground,
An' bu'st an' kill hisse'f plum dead, he did!

An' nen the Little Boy he git his gun
An' 'menced a-climbin' down the tree ag'in—
No!—no, he *didn't* git his *gun*—'cause when
The *Bear* falled, nen the *gun* falled, too—An'
broked
It all to pieces, too!—An' *nicest* gun!—
His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy
Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down
The tree—an' climbin' down—an' climbin'
down!—

An'-sir! when he 'uz purt' nigh down,—w'y, nen
The old Bear he jumped up ag'in!—an' he
Ain't dead at all—*ist* 'tendin' thataway,
So he kin git the Little Boy an' eat
Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart
To climb clean *down* the tree.—An' the old Bear
He can't climb *up* the tree no more—'cause when
He fell, he broke one of his—He broke *all*
His legs!—an' nen he *couldn't* climb! But he
Ist won't go 'way an' let the Little Boy
Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear
Ist growls 'round there, he does—ist growls an' goes
"Wooh!—woo-ooh!" all the time! An' Little Boy
He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—
An' 'thout no *supper* neever!—Only they
Wuz *apples* on the tree!—An' Little Boy
Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!

Nen when 't'uz morning th' old Bear went
"Wooh!"
Ag'in, an' try to climb up in the tree
An' git the Little Boy—But he *can't*
Climb t' save his *soul,* he can't!—An' *oh!* he's
mad!—
He ist tear up the ground! an' go *"Woo-ooh!"*
An'—*Oh, yes!*—purty soon, when morning's
come
All *light*—so's you kin *see,* you know,—w'y,
nen
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun,* you
know,
'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at
all—
I ist *said* that!) An' so the old Bear think
He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—
But *Bears they* don't know much 'bout shootin'
guns:
So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,
The old Bear got the *other* end the gun
Ag'in' his shoulder, 'stid o' *th'other* end—

So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,
It shot *the Bear,* it did—an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree
An' chopped his old woolly head off.—Yes, an'
killed
The *other* Bear ag'in, he did—an' killed
All *boff* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home
An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *et* 'em!
—An' that's all.

THE BLOSSOMS ON THE TREES

Blossoms crimson, white, or blue,
Purple, pink, and every hue,
From sunny skies, to tintings drowned
In dusky drops of dew,
I praise you all, wherever found,
And love you through and through;—
But, Blossoms on the Trees,
With your breath upon the breeze,
There's nothing all the world around
As half as sweet as you!

Could the rhymer only wring
All the sweetness to the lees
Of all the kisses clustering
In juicy Used-to-bes,
To dip his rhymes therein and sing
The blossoms on the trees,—
"O Blossoms on the Trees,"
He would twitter, trill, and coo,
"However sweet, such songs as these
Are not as sweet as you:—
For you are *blooming* melodies
The *eyes* may listen to!"

WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG

While the heart beats young!—O the splendor of the Spring,
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing!
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom-time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of to-day

While Youth's diviner climate folds and holds
us, close caressed
As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of
face and breast;—
Our bare feet in the meadows, and our fancies
up among
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart
beats young.

While the heart beats young and our pulses
leap and dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad ro-
mance,—
We hear the birds with wonder, and with won-
der watch their flight—
Standing still the more enchanted, both of hear-
ing and of sight,
When they have vanished wholly,—for, in
fancy, wing-to-wing
We fly to Heaven with them; and, returning,
still we sing

Our Bare Feet in the Meadows

The praises of this *lower* Heaven with tireless
voice and tongue,
Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart
beats young.

While the heart beats young!—While the heart
beats young!
O green and gold old Earth of ours, with azure
overhung
And looped with rainbows!—grant us yet this
grassy lap of thine—
We would be still thy children, through the
shower and the shine!
So pray we, lisping, whispering, in childish love
and trust,
With our beseeching hands and faces lifted
from the dust
By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and un-
sung,
Thou givest us in answer, while the heart beats
young.

NO BOY KNOWS

THERE are many things that boys may
know—
Why this and that are thus and so,—
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it:
Boys know new things every day—
When they study, or when they play,—
When they idle, or sow and reap—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least,—
May know that the round old earth rolls
East;—
And know that the ice and the snow and the
rain—
Ever repeating their parts again—
Are all just water the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;—
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then—
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

THE afternoon of summer folds
Its warm arms round the marigolds.

From *A Fruit-Piece*

THE YOUTHFUL PATRIOT

O WHAT did the little boy do
'At nobody wanted him to?
Didn't do nothin' but romp an' run,
An' whoop an' holler an' bang his gun
An' bu'st fire-crackers, an' ist have fun—
An' *'at's* all the little boy done!

THE CLOVER

SOME sings of the lilly, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the Summer-time throws
In the green grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin' up at the skyes through the sunshiny days;
But what is the lilly and all of the rest
Of the flowers, to a man with a hart in his brest
That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?

And So I Love Clover

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and
as plane
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wunder away in a barefooted dream,
Whare I tangle my toes in the blossoms that
gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of
love
Ere it wept ore the graves that I'm weepin'
above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the sacerdest sorrows and joys of my hart;
And wharever it blossoms, oh, thare let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' Him
now;
And I pray to Him still fer the stren'th when I
die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-by,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breth of per-
fume.

IF I KNEW WHAT POETS KNOW

If I knew what poets know,
  Would I write a rhyme
Of the buds that never blow
  In the summer-time?
Would I sing of golden seeds
Springing up in ironweeds?
And of rain-drops turned to snow,
If I knew what poets know?

Did I know what poets do,
  Would I sing a song
Sadder than the pigeon's coo
  When the days are long?
Where I found a heart in pain
I would make it glad again;
And the false should be the true,
Did I know what poets do.

If I knew what poets know,
  I would find a theme
Sweeter than the placid flow
  Of the fairest dream:

I would sing of love that lives
On the errors it forgives;
And the world would better grow
If I knew what poets know.

THE BROOK-SONG

LITTLE brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing—how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook—laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

CAME A TRUANT BOY LIKE ME

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

THEY ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the morning-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
Fer their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' *make* a feller like 'em!
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in through the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know!

And then I think o' mother,
And how she ust to love 'em—
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above em!

And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and putt 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy er displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,—
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
And hollyhawks and sich,
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick
so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half
asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift
jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't
ust to know

THE MERRY DAYS OF YOUTH

Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our controle,
And it's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy
days
When the humdrum of school made so many
run-a-ways,
How plesant was the jurney down the old
dusty lane,
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was all
printed so plane
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the
sole
They was lots o' fun on hands at the old
swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in
sorrow roll
Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old
swimmin'-hole.

Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails
so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;
And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
Tel the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that
rolled;

And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,
Or a wownded apple-blossom in the breeze's controle
As it cut acrost some orchurd to'rds the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be—
But never again will theyr shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin' and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—

TH THE RISING SUN TO GREET HIM

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—

O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too! . . .
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on *me*—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

DECORATION DAY ON THE PLACE

And *yit* it's lonesome—lonesome! It's a *Sund'y-day* to *me*,
It 'pears-like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!—
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

Abridged

A SONG

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves dip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear,—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue!
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS

A MONUMENT for the Soldiers!
  Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
  With the hearts ye build it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
  In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
  It would commemorate!

Abridged

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCURAGED FARMER

THE summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees;
And the clover in the pastur is a big day fer the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey, above board and on the sly,
Tel they stutter in theyr buzzin' and stagger as they fly.

The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit
on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he
sings;
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs
fer biz,
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale
they is.

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out
to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared
away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass
is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think
it will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's
drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure,
without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed
us yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh
hour, I bet!

THE JUNE IS HERE THIS MORNING

Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims
high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue
of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whissel in a disap-
pinted way,
Er hang his head in silunce, and sorrow all
the day?
Is the chipmuck's health a-failin'?—Does he
walk, er does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest
like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's
lungs er voice?
Ort a mortul be complanin' when dumb animals
rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contentud with
our lot;
The June is here this mornin', and the sun is
shinin' hot.
Oh! let us fill our harts up with the glory of
the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow
fur away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you.

Abridged

AMERICA

Thine a universal love,
America!
Thine the cross and crown thereof,
America!
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth:
God hath builded, from thy birth,
The first nation of the earth—
America! America!

Abridged

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

1898

I

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—

By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven
of blue!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say,
who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to
say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy
way—
We—the *crowd,* every man of us, calling you
that—
We—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging
his hat

And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were
our kin,
When—*Lord!*—we all know we're as common
as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all,
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and
fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have
gone.—
And this is the reason we're wanting to
know—
(And we're wanting it *so!*—
Where our own fathers went we are willing
to go.)—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—
Oho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was
still.

III

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and
it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-
red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars over-
head—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward
cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the
mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses
nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

EXCEEDING ALL

Long life's a lovely thing to know,
With lovely health and wealth, forsooth,
And lovely name and fame—But O
The loveliness of Youth!

THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED

O THE old trundle-bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine:
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night.
O a nest of delight, from the foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle-bed!

O the old trundle-bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept:

A Nest of Delight

Where I heard the low, murmurous chirp of
the wren,
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily
led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old
trundle-bed.

O the old trundle-bed! O the old trundle-bed!
With its plump little pillow, and old-fashioned
spread;
Its snowy-white sheets, and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the
touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle-
bed.

An afternoon as ripe with heat
As might the golden pippin be.

From *At Utter Loaf*

WHAT TITLE?

God names our first American
The highest, noblest name—The Man.
Abridged

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray,—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Our Cares Behind, and Our Hearts Ahead

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

The jelly—the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry and quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!—
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees,—and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept,
Where the cream in a golden languor slept,
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you she waits *to-day*
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come." And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Abridged

HIS LOVE OF HOME

"As love of native land," the old man said,
"Er stars and stripes a-wavin' overhead,
Er nearest kith-and-kin, er daily bread,
A Hoosier's love is fer the old homestead."

THE DAYS GONE BY

O THE days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were
tripped
By the honeysuckle's tangles where the water-
lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss
along the brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle
came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the tru-
ant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days
gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of
the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's
magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every-
thing,—
When life was like a story holding neither sob
nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

When Life was Like a Story

GRANNY

Granny's come to our house,
And ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the childern round the place
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
And fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their Granny!

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
And Wade and Silas Walker
Both's a-ridin' on her foot,
And 'Pollos on the rocker;
And Marthy's twins, from Aunt Marinn's,
And little Orphant Annie,
All's a-eatin' gingerbread
And giggle-un at Granny!

Tells us all the fairy tales
Ever thought er wundered—
And 'bundance o' other stories—
Bet she knows a hunderd!—

Bob's the one fer "Whittington,"
And "Golden Locks" fer Fanny!
Hear 'em laugh and clap their hands,
Listenin' at Granny!

"Jack the Giant-Killer" 's good;
And "Bean-Stalk" 's another!—
So's the one of "Cinderell' "
And her old godmother;—
That-un's best of all the rest—
Bestest one of any,—
Where the mices scampers home
Like we runs to Granny!

Granny's come to our house,
Ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the childern round the place
Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
And fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their Granny!

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed indeed
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"—
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—

The Anthem stilled—the Angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
"God bless us every one!"

BABYHOOD

HEIGH-HO! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger!
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away!

Turn back the leaves of life.—Don't read the story.—
Let's find the pictures, and fancy all the rest;
We can fill the written pages with a brighter glory
Than old Time, the story-teller, at his very best.

"God Bless us Every-one!"

Turn to the brook where the honeysuckle tipping
O'er its vase of perfume spills it on the breeze,
And the bee and humming-bird in ecstasy are sipping
From the fairy-flagons of the blooming locust-trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter,"
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mold—
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold;

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel
Of the sunny sand-bar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragon-fly pauses in his travel
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you
linger!
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone
astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by
the finger
Back to the lotus-lands of the far-away!

A CHILD'S HOME—LONG AGO

EVEN as the gas-flames flicker to and fro,
The Old Man's wavering fancies leap and
glow,—
As o'er the vision, like a mirage, falls
The old log cabin with its dingy walls,
And crippled chimney with its crutch-like prop
Beneath a sagging shoulder at the top:
The coonskin battened fast on either side—
The wisps of leaf-tobacco—"cut-and-dried";
The yellow strands of quartered apples, hung
In rich festoons that tangle in among

The morning-glory vines that clamber o'er
The little clapboard roof above the door:
The old well-sweep that drops a courtesy
To every thirsting soul so graciously,
The stranger, as he drains the dripping gourd,
Intuitively murmurs, "Thank the Lord!"
Again through mists of memory arise
The simple scenes of home before the eyes:—
The happy mother, humming, with her wheel,
The dear old melodies that used to steal
So drowsily upon the summer air,
The house-dog hid his bone, forgot his care,
And nestled at her feet, to dream, perchance,
Some cooling dream of winter-time romance:
The square of sunshine through the open door
That notched its edge across the puncheon
floor,
And made a golden coverlet whereon
The god of slumber had a picture drawn
Of Babyhood, in all the loveliness
Of dimpled cheek and limb and linsey dress:
The bough-filled fireplace, and the mantel wide,
Its fire-scorched ankles stretched on either side,

Where, perched upon its shoulders 'neath the joist,
The old clock hiccoughed, harsh and husky-voiced,
And snarled the premonition, dire and dread,
When it should hammer Time upon the head:
Tomatoes, red and yellow, in a row,
Preserved not then for diet, but for show,—
Like rare and precious jewels in the rough
Whose worth was not appraised at half enough:
The jars of jelly, with their dusty tops;
The bunch of pennyroyal; the cordial drops;
The flask of camphor, and the vial of squills,
The box of buttons, garden-seeds, and pills;
And, ending all the mantel's bric-à-brac,
The old, time-honored "Family Almanack."
And Memory, with a mother's touch of love,
Climbs with us to the dusky loft above,
Where drowsily we trail our fingers in
The mealy treasures of the harvest bin;
And, feeling with our hands the open track,
We pat the bag of barley on the back;

And, groping onward through the mellow
gloom,
We catch the hidden apple's faint perfume,
And, mingling with it, fragrant hints of pear
And musky melon ripening somewhere.
Again we stretch our limbs upon the bed
Where first our simple childish prayers were
said;
And while, without, the gallant cricket trills
A challenge to the solemn whippoorwills,
And, filing on the chorus with his glee,
The katydid whets all the harmony
To feather-edge of incoherent song,
We drop asleep, and peacefully along
The current of our dreams we glide away
To the dim harbor of another day.

Abridged

Mellow hazes, lowly trailing
Over wood and meadow, veiling
Somber skies, with wild fowl sailing
Sailor-like to foreign lands.

From *A Dream of Autumn*

LOCKERBIE STREET

Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting-place fairer than Lockerbie Street!

There is such a relief, from the clangor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in
Through the dim, narrow walks, with the sheltering shade
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,
And littering lightly the ways of our feet
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie Street.

And the nights that come down the dark path-
ways of dusk,
With the stars in their tresses, and odors of
musk
In their moon-woven raiments, bespangled with
dews,
And looped up with lilies for lovers to use
In the songs that they sing to the tinkle and
beat
Of their sweet serenadings through Lockerbie
Street.

O my Lockerbie Street! You are fair to be
seen—
Be it noon of the day, or the rare and serene
Afternoon of the night—you are one to my
heart,
And I love you above all the phrases of art,
For no language could frame and no lips could
repeat
My rhyme-haunted raptures of Lockerbie
Street.

NEVER TALK BACK

NEVER talk back, and wake up the whole community
And call a man a liar, over Law, er Politics.—
You can lift and land him furder and with gracefuller impunity
With one good jolt of silence than a half a dozen kicks!

Abridged

GRIGGSBY'S STATION

PAP'S got his pattent-right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I Want to See the Wiggenses

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's jes' a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city! city! city!—
And nothin' but the city all around us ever'wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit-and-bilin',
A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sunday through;
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they ust to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones girls is makin';
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her Pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' any more,
Shet away safe in the woods around the old location—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her with her
sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's
dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel to show me how
he's growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she putt
her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old
lower eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was tuk and
burried—for
His own sake and Katy's,—and I want to cry
with Katy
As she reads all his letters over, writ from
The War.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk a-bloomin' at
the door?—
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so
pore!

THE WAY THE BABY SLEPT

This is the way the baby slept:
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quavering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known:
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept.—
And this is the way the baby slept.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

ANSELMO

Years did I vainly seek the good Lord's grace,—
Prayed, fasted, and did penance dire and dread;
Did kneel, with bleeding knees and rainy face,
And mouth the dust, with ashes on my head;
Yea, still with knotted scourge the flesh I flayed,
Rent fresh the wounds, and moaned and shrieked insanely;

And froth oozed with the pleadings that I made,
And yet I prayed on vainly, vainly, vainly!

A time, from out of swoon I lifted eye,
To find a wretched outcast, gray and grim,
Bathing my brow, with many a pitying sigh,
And I did pray God's grace might rest on him.—
Then, lo! a gentle voice fell on mine ears—
"Thou shalt not sob in suppliance hereafter;
Take up thy prayers and wring them dry of tears,
And lift them, white and pure with love and laughter!"

So is it now for all men else I pray;
So is it I am blest and glad alway.

Just to be good—
This is enough—enough!

From *Just To Be Good*

NOTHIN' TO SAY

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, giner'ly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am and here you air! and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes:
Like her, too, about livin' here, because *she* couldn't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page—
And left her earbobs fer you, ef ever you come of age;

I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but ef yer
goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all
to say!

You don't rickollect her, I reckon? No: you
wasn't a year old then!
And now yer—how old *air* you? W'y, child,
not *"twenty"!* When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile! and you
want to git married that day?
I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but I hain't
got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever
found!
There's a straw ketched on to yer dress there—
I'll bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two
run away.)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all
to say!

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles
played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy
manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drum-
mer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody
sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a
splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had
never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of
every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture
undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their
plumes of white and blue
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at
me and you,

Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

THE GRAND BAND-WAGON

And, last of all, The Clown, making mirth for
all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eye-
brows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule
that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in
the Parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles
played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy
manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drum-
mer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody
sublime!

THROUGH every happy line I sing
I feel the tonic of the Spring.
The day is like an old-time face
That gleams across some grassy place.

From *The All-Golden*

AWAY

I CAN not say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes.—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things:—Where the violets grew
Blue as the eyes they were likened to,

Mild and Gentle, as He was Brave

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.—

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE MAHALA ASHCRAFT

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps the robin in the tree;
"Little Haly!" sighs the clover, "Little Haly!" moans the bee;
"Little Haly! Little Haly!" calls the killdeer at twilight;
And the katydids and crickets hollers "Haly!" all the night.

The sunflowers and the hollyhawks droops
over the garden fence;
The old path down the garden walks still holds
her footprints' dents;
And the well-sweep's swingin' bucket seems to
wait fer her to come
And start it on its wortery errant down the old
bee-gum.

The beehives all is quiet; and the little Jersey
steer,
When any one comes nigh it, acts so lonesome-
like and queer;
And the little Banty chickens kindo' cutters
faint and low,
Like the hand that now was feedin' 'em was
one they didn't know.

They's sorrow in the waivin' leaves of all the
apple trees;
And sorrow in the harvest-sheaves, and sorrow
in the breeze;

And sorrow in the twitter of the swallers
'round the shed;
And all the song her redbird sings is "Little
Haly's dead!"

The medder 'pears to miss her, and the path-
way through the grass,
Whare the dewdrops ust to kiss her little bare
feet as she passed;
And the old pin in the gate-post seems to
kindo'-sorto' doubt
That Haly's little sunburnt hands'll ever pull it
out.

Did her father er her mother ever love her
more'n me,
Er her sisters er her brother prize her love
more tendurly?
I question—and what answer?—only tears,
and tears alone,
And ev'ry neghbor's eyes is full o' tear-drops
as my own.

"Little Haly! Little Haly!" cheeps the robin in the tree;
"Little Haly!" sighs the clover, "Little Haly!" moans the bee;
"Little Haly! Little Haly!" calls the killdeer at twilight,
And the katydids and crickets hollers "Haly!" all the night.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME

Who bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be,—
He will not fail in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near:

THE ROADSIDES BLOOM IN HIS APPLAUSE

The birds are heralds of his cause;
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet-ring,
Who bides his time.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was

When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had

In all the whole durn rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim
Good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—

The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
"Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

A LIFE-LESSON

THERE! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

THE PRAYER PERFECT

Dear Lord! kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.
Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;

THEY HAVE BROKEN YOUR HEART, I KNOW

And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!

THE HOOSIER FOLK-CHILD

The Hoosier Folk-Child—all unsung—
Unlettered all of mind and tongue;
Unmastered, unmolested—made
Most wholly frank and unafraid:
Untaught of any school—unvexed
Of law or creed—all unperplexed—
Unsermoned, ay, and undefiled,
An all imperfect-perfect child—
A type which (Heaven forgive us!) you
And I do tardy honor to,
And so profane the sanctities
Of our most sacred memories.
Who, growing thus from boy to man,
That dares not be American?
Go, Pride, with prudent underbuzz—
Go *whistle!* as the Folk-Child does.

The Hoosier Folk-Child's world is not
Much wider than the stable-lot
Between the house and highway fence
That bounds the home his father rents.
His playmates mostly are the ducks
And chickens, and the boy that "shucks
Corn by the shock," and talks of town,
And whether eggs are "up" or "down,"
And prophesies in boastful tone
Of "owning horses of his own,"
And "being his own man," and "when
He gets to be, what he'll do then."—
Takes out his jack-knife dreamily
And makes the Folk-Child two or three
Crude corn-stalk figures,—a wee span
Of horses and a little man.

The Hoosier Folk-Child's eyes are wise
And wide and round as brownies' eyes:
The smile they wear is ever blent
With all-expectant wonderment,—
On homeliest things they bend a look
As rapt as o'er a picture-book,

And seem to ask, whate'er befall,
The happy reason of it all:—
Why grass is all so glad a green,
And leaves—and what their lispings mean;—
Why buds grow on the boughs, and why
They burst in blossom by and by—
As though the orchard in the breeze
Had shook and popped its *popcorn-trees,*
To lure and whet, as well they might,
Some seven-league giant's appetite!

The Hoosier Folk-Child's chubby face
Has scant refinement, caste or grace,—
From crown to chin, and cheek to cheek,
It bears the grimy water-streak
Of rinsings such as some long rain
Might drool across the window-pane
Wherethrough he peers, with troubled frown,
As some lorn team drives by for town.
His brow is elfed with wispish hair,
With tangles in it here and there,
As though the warlocks snarled it so
At midmirk when the moon sagged low,

And boughs did toss and skreek and shake,
And children moaned themselves awake,
With fingers clutched, and starting sight
Blind as the blackness of the night!

The Hoosier Folk-Child!—Rich is he
In all the wealth of poverty!
He owns nor title nor estate,
Nor speech but half articulate,—
He owns nor princely robe nor crown;—
Yet, draped in patched and faded brown,
He owns the bird-songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills;
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet,—
And his the Dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture-bars
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE

O THE Poet of the Future! He will come to
us as comes
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar
of drums—
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar
and din
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor
marches in.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his
lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol any-
where,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's
at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on
his brow.

He will sing across the meadow,—and the
woman at the well
Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile
ineffable;
And the children in the orchard will gaze wist-
fully the way
The happy songs come to them, with the fra-
grance of the hay;
The barn will neigh in answer, and the pas-
ture-lands behind
Will chime with bells, and send responsive
lowings down the wind;
And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly
call
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweet voice
of all.

O the Poet of the Future! He will come as
man to man,
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest
face of tan,
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul
of love
For human-kind and nature-kind about him
and above.

His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his
lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol any-
where,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's
at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on
his brow.

I PRAY not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates and castle halls,—
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze,
With fragrance from the locust trees.

From *Ike Walton's Prayer*

A SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF RILEY DAY

Because Riley Day is already on the Hoosier calendar of public observance, some suggestions that may help to give variety in celebrating it are made in the following pages. They must be taken as they are intended, as suggestive. A sketch of the life of Mr. Riley and a complete list of his poems that have been set to music, with the names of the publishers from whom they may be obtained, may be found in the biographical edition of Mr. Riley's work:

"Your songs like dews upon the grass
Have brought a miracle to pass,
To stud our lives with gems of thought;
We love you for the songs you've brought."
—(From a schoolgirl to Mr. Riley,
October 7, 1913.)

PROGRAM

1 In concert:

Thine a universal love,
America!
Thine the cross and crown thereof,
America!
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth:
God hath builded, from thy birth,
The first nation of the earth—
America! America!

2 Song by the school: *America.*

3 Paper, or speech:
Why We Celebrate This Day. (The value of the poet; the value of our poet. See the poem *They Had No Poet and So They Died* (Anonymous); *The Poet of the Future* (by Riley). Also *If I Knew What Poets Know.*

4 Song: *A Song.*

5 Recitation: *The Blossoms on the Trees.*

6 Quotations from the Nature poetry of Riley. (See end of program.)

7 Recitation: *Out to Old Aunt Mary's.*

8 Paper: *Riley's Patriotism.* (Consult the patriotic poems in this book and as many others as you can.)

9 Song: *A Life-Lesson.*

10 Paper: *Riley as Nature Poet.* (Base paper on the nature poems in this book.)

11 Recitation: *The Circus-Day Parade.*

12 Responsive exercises: *Let Something Good Be Said.*

First row of pupils:

"When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,"

Whole school:

"Let something good be said."

Second row:

"Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,"

Whole school:

"If something good be said."

Third row:

"No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,"

Whole school:

"If something good be said."

Fourth row:

* * * * * * * * * *

"And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,"

Whole school:

"Let something good be said,
Let something good be said!"

13 Song: *The Raggedy Man.*

14 Recitation: *Who Santy Claus Wuz.*

15 Whole school:

INDIANA

Our Land — our Home! — the common home indeed
Of soil-born children and adopted ones—
The stately daughters and the stalwart sons
Of Industry:—All greeting and godspeed!
O home to proudly live for, and, if need
Be, proudly die for, with the roar of guns
Blent with our latest prayer.—So died men once. . . .

Lo, Peace! . . . As we look on the land THEY freed—
Its harvests all in ocean-overflow
Poured round autumnal coasts in billowy gold—
Its corn and wine and balmèd fruits and flow'rs,—
We know the exaltation that they know
Who now, steadfast inheritors, behold
The Land Elysian, marveling "This is ours!"

16 Song by the school:

A Peace-Hymn of the Republic. (This may be sung to the tune of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* a slight change for the chorus.)

ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS

QUOTATIONS FROM THE NATURE POETRY OF RILEY

1 The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

2 *The Yellowbird:*
Like a flashing sun-ray,
Flitting everywhere:
Dangling down the tall weeds
And the hollyhocks,
And the lordly sunflowers
Along the garden-walks.

3 What is sweeter, after all,
Than black haws, in early Fall?—
Fruit so sweet the frost first sat,
Dainty-toothed, and nibbled at!

4 O'er garden blooms
On tides of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.

5 The toadstool bulges through the weeds,
And lavishly to left and right
The fireflies, like golden seeds,
Are sown about the night.

6 *The Frog:* (Recitations by separate pupils.)

(a) Who am I but the Frog—the Frog!
My realm is the dark bayou,
And my throne is the muddy, moss-grown log
That the poison-vine clings to.

* * * * * * *

(b) What am I but a King—a King!—
For the royal robes I wear—
A scepter, too, and a signet-ring,
As vassals and serfs declare:
And a voice, god wot, that is equaled not
In the wide world anywhere!

(c) I can talk to the Night—the Night!
Under her big black wing
She tells me the tale of the world outright,
And the secret of everything.

* * * * * * *

(d) And I can see through the sky—the sky—
As clear as a piece of glass;
And I can tell you the how and why
Of the things that come to pass.

* * * * * * *

And the wide world sing: Long live the King,
And grace to his royal whim!

7 Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve
and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

8 Little brook, sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

9 Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up whissel in a disappinted way,
Er hang his head in silunce, and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmuck's health a-failin'?—Does he walk, er does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er voice?
Ort a mortal be complanin' when dumb animals rejoice?

10 While the heart beats young and our pulses
leap and dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad
romance,—
We hear the birds with wonder, and with
wonder watch their flight—

* * * * * * *

11 While the heart beats young!—While the
heart beats young!
O green and gold old Earth of ours, with
azure overhung
And looped with rainbows!—grant us yet
this grassy lap of thine—
We would be still thy children, through the
shower and the shine!

12 And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the sacerdest sorrows and joys of my
hart;
And wharever it blossoms, oh, thare let me
bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin'
Him now;
And I pray to Him still fer the stren'th when
I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-by,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breth of per-
fume.

13 It hain't no use to grumble and complane;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.—
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

14 They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

15 Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep.

* * * * * * *

Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;

And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
Tel the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled;
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by
Like a ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky.

16 Tell you what I like best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nuthin' else!

17 THE NATURALIST

He turns him from all worldly care
Unto the sacred fastness of
The forests, and the peace and love
That breathes there prayer-like in the breeze
And coo of doves in dreamful trees—
Their tops in laps of sunshine laid,
Their lower boughs all slaked with shade.

With head uncovered has he stood,
Hearing the Spirit of the Wood—
Hearing aright the Master speak
In trill of bird, and warbling creek;

In lisp of reeds, or rainy sigh
Of grasses as the loon darts by—
Hearing aright the storm and lull,
And all earth's voices wonderful.

18 In the Muskingum Valley—it 'peared like the skies
Looked lovin' on me as my own mother's eyes.

19 The sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.

20 The blue above and the green below!
Would that the world were always so!—
Always summer and warmth and light,
With mirth and melody day and night!
Birds in the boughs of the beckoning trees.
Chirr of locusts and whiff of breeze—
World-old roses that bud and blow.—
The blue above and the green below.

POEMS SUITABLE FOR USE IN RESPONSIVE READINGS

a. *Let Something Good Be Said.*
b. *If I Knew What Poets Know.*
c. *The Quest of the Fathers.* (Insert questions.)
d. *A Monument for the Soldiers.* (Use in parts.)
e. *The Name of Old Glory.*

Poems in this book, upon which profitable class discussions may be had. (Suggestions.)

a. *The Poet of the Future.*
   (1) How will the poet of the future look upon mankind?
   (2) What comparison is made between him and the victor?
   (3) What will he think of the toiler?
   (4) Interpret the line:
   "His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow."
   (5) Name any poet that you think comes up to the standard set in this poem.
   (6) Make a list of the finest lines in the poem.

b. *The Clover.*
   (1) To what flowers is the clover compared in this poem?
   (2) What associations with the poet's childhood do you here find connected with clover? Designate.

(2) What change took place in his pra[illegible] at the last?

(3) What was the effect upon him of praying for others?

(4) Note the finest lines in the poem.

e. *The Circus-Day Parade.*

(1) Give the pictures made by the words of Mr. Riley in this poem.

(2) Note the beat of this poem. See how it corresponds to the movement of the parade.

(3) Note the combination of the rhyming words, of the harmonious sounds, the apt references and all the elements that go to make the effect.

POEMS SUITABLE FOR USE IN RESPONSIVE READINGS

a. *Let Something Good Be Said.*
b. *If I Knew What Poets Know.*
c. *The Quest of the Fathers.* (Insert questions.)
d. *A Monument for the Soldiers.* (Use in parts.)
e. *The Name of Old Glory.*

Poems in this book, upon which profitable class discussions may be had. (Suggestions.)

a. *The Poet of*
   (1) He

THE -